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THE ARENA.

GLADIATORIAL COMBATS.

THE traveller through the dense forests of central America is often astonished by coming upon the ruins of some deserted temple, rent asunder and overthrown by the rapid growth of tropical vegetation. Here lies a huge and hideous idol, flung down from its shrine by the swelling girth or spreading branches of some mighty tree; there, prostrate in the jungle, an altar stained with the blood of human sacrifices; yonder, some symbol of impurity over which Nature has drawn her verdant and flowery veil. The progress of demolition

has been slow and noiseless, though sure. The instrument of destruction, in appearance puny and insignificant, has, in effect, proved itself of resistless might. A seed dropped into a crevice by a bird, or wafted there by the wind, has struck its roots into the soil; heaven has rained sweet influences upon it; the dews have watered it by night, and the sun has smiled upon it by day. By the slow and silent development of its latent life it has riven asunder and cast down that colossal fabric, for the erection or destruction of which an almost superhuman energy seemed requisite. The iconoclastic fervour of men would have preferred

that the work of demolition should have been accomplished by some sudden catastrophe—that the earthquake should have swallowed, or the thunderbolt shattered, the edifice dedicated to orgies so infernal in their cruelty and licentiousness; but God, who chooses the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, ordinarily acts in this manner, employing some minute but living germ to impregnate, or to destroy, the vast but lifeless mass upon which it is destined to act.

Just such has been the progress of Christianity in its conflict with the evils of heathenism. No sudden shock, no violent catastrophe, convulsed society. Christ was born and died, but the rulers of this world knew it not. In the words of its divine founder, it diffused itself imperceptibly as the leaven—grew as noiselessly as the tree. By its silent and gentle influences, it spread itself through the world, and commenced its triumph over the monstrous evils of heathenism; some it speedily overthrew, others it first mitigated and modified, and in lapse of years undermined; whilst, as it spreads its roots more widely, and expands itself more fully, it shows its power to grapple with and destroy all those which yet remain.

Of all the principles which Christianity has deposited in European society, scarcely any have been more productive of beneficial results than its assertion of the sacredness of life and the awfulness of death. By bringing immortality to light, it has imparted to each individual spirit an infinite value, and invested the life that now is with an incalculable importance. We shrink from the thought of taking away human life, excepting under circumstances of stern necessity. To find amusement in cold-blooded wilful murder, seems to imply a tiger-like ferocity to which we can hardly conceive it possible for human beings to descend. Yet at the time of our Lord's advent, the whole Roman people crowded the amphitheatres of every town in the empire to gaze with eager delight upon the gladiatorial combats.

Let us trace the brutal sports from their small beginnings to their frightful maturity under the Roman emperors, and their general cessation through the influences of Christianity.

From very early ages, and among many nations, we can trace the custom of slaying domestic animals and captives or slaves at the tomb of departed chieftains. Thus Homer, describing the funeral rites with which Achilles honoured the pyre of his friend Patroclus, says:—

"He slew and added next,
Deep groaning and in haste, four martial steeds;
Nine dogs the hero at his table fed,
Of which beheading two, their carcasses
He added also. Last, twelve gallant sons
Of noble Trojans slaying (for his heart
Teemed with great vengeance), he applied the force
Of hungry flames that should devour the whole."

A similar practice prevails to this day among many African and North American Indian tribes,* and the Hindoo suttee was probably a relic of the same antique rite. The motives prompting to this cruel act seem to have been twofold. There was first a feeling that the disembodied spirit,

feeble, cold, naked, and attenuated, longed for draughts of warm blood which might restore to it some portion of its corporeal vigour, and again put it into communion with the world of life. The narrative of the descent of Ulysses into hell, in the eleventh book of the *Odyssey*, is full of this sentiment. And then there came as a second motive, the feeling that the persons and animals thus despatched at the tomb would serve as attendants upon those in whose honour they were slain:—

"E'en the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind,
Hopes that translated to yon equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company."

In after ages the Etrurians, instead of butchering their human victims like cattle, made them fight round the funeral pile, and their combat thus became part of the games with which the deceased chieftain was honoured. This practice was introduced into Rome B.C. 264, by Marcus and Decimus Brutus, in honour of their father, when three pairs of gladiators fought. At first these exhibitions were confined to the obsequies of those illustrious persons to whom the state decreed a public funeral. They soon became common at the interment of any person of distinction; then, at that of any one who could afford to pay for them; and ultimately they ceased to have any necessary connexion with funerals at all, for the passion for these bloody scenes rose to such a pitch that whoever was ambitious of pleasing the people provided them with this entertainment. So eager were the people to witness these sports, that in seasons of discontent the popular cry was for "Bread and the Games." In addition to various smaller buildings dedicated to this fiendish amusement, the Flavian Amphitheatre, now known as the Colosseum—the largest building the world had ever seen, being capable of receiving within its vast basin a hundred thousand persons—was erected for this sole purpose; and it was not unfrequently crowded to excess. Its throng of eager spectators included all classes, from the emperor to the meanest slave; the senator, the priest, the matron, the vestal virgin: all the pomp and refinement, with all the rudeness and brutality of the empire, swelled the crowd which flocked to glut its eyes with blood, and to exult in the music of cries and groans.

Let us endeavour to realize the bloody scene, with its attendant circumstances. Some days before the exhibition of the games, notices, similar to our handbills, were issued, announcing their time, place, and character, and the names of the gladiators. Several of these libelli, as they were called, are yet to be seen on the walls of Pompeii. The following may serve as a specimen of them. It is inscribed on the walls at the entrance of the baths:—

AT THE DEDICATION of the baths
Q. A. N. MAIUS will give wild-beast
fighting and gladiators. There will be
sprinkling of perfumes and an awning.

Prosperity to
Maius,
first man in
Pompeii.

If the exhibition was to be of a very attractive character, the spectators would begin to assemble many hours before the commencement of the games, sometimes even on the previous night, that they might secure good places. The tier of seats

* In 1817 the king of Ashantee immolated three thousand human beings, as a sacrifice over the grave of his mother.

immediately surrounding the arena was allotted to the emperor, the senators, the vestal virgins, and the persons at whose expense the games were given. Behind, and rising above them, sat the knights and tribunes, occupying fourteen rows. Then came the *populæ*, a space appointed for the plebeians. The vast gallery that ran round the whole was set apart for females. An upper gallery was allotted to attendants and slaves. Concealed conduits ran through the building, from which, at intervals, showers of perfumed waters were scattered upon the multitude. A vast awning was prepared, to be stretched over the whole when the heat of the sun required it.

Imagine the amphitheatre filled with its myriad spectators. The hour for commencing the sports has arrived. With a flourish of trumpets the gates leading into the arena are thrown open, and the gladiators entering, march round in procession. They are variously armed. Here is a *Retiarius*, so called from the net which he carries, and with which he tries to entangle his adversary, and then, before he can liberate himself, to stab him with his three-pronged spear. Yonder are others, armed with shields and swords of various shapes and sizes; some with armour to protect their bodies; others almost naked. From their various equipments they are called *Mirmillones*, *Sammites*, *Thracæ*, etc. Yonder are some with a short sword or lance in the right hand, and a veil wrapped round the left arm. Those are called *Bestiarii*, and are to fight with wild beasts. Almost every nation under heaven is represented in that procession. Those Greeks and Romans are professed gladiators. Those ruddy fair-haired men, scowling so fiercely, are captives from Britain, Germany, and Gaul. Spaniards, Scythians, Africans—all are there. A hundred pairs of combatants was a very common number to be exhibited together. Trajan is said to have celebrated his victory over the Dacians by the combat of 10,000 gladiators. Dion Cassius affirms that at the dedication of the Colosseum 9000 beasts were killed.

Having marched round the arena, the gladiators are matched in pairs, and blunt swords given them, that they may exhibit their strength and skill when pitted against one another, and that the spectators may be able to bet upon them with more confidence. The sports then begin.* A *Bestiarius* is brought in by the *Lanista*, a superintendent of the gladiators, and takes his stand, keenly watching the gates which lead to vaults where the beasts are confined. A lion which has been kept without food for some days, and goaded to madness by the attendants, is loosed upon him. The fierce roar of the monarch of the woods, as he springs upon his enemy, is echoed by the yet more ferocious cry of the spectators, who come to gloat upon the bloody scene. The man falls a prey to the beast, who, however, has been wounded in the combat. Before the victor has time to mangle the limbs of his prostrate foe, another gladiator has entered the arena and attacked the lion. Should he prove successful, a tiger or wild boar, or crocodile or buffalo, will be loosed upon him. Thus the games proceed,

till the arena is slippery with blood and strewn with corpses of men and beasts. Sometimes hundreds of various kinds of animals, and a proportionate number of gladiators, are exhibited at once, fighting together in wild confusion. Interspersed among the combats of the *Bestiarii*, or following them, come the more exciting exhibitions of man pitted against man, sometimes a single pair at a time, sometimes many together. As they fight, the spectators narrowly and eagerly watch each blow. When one is wounded, the exulting cry, "Habet, habet," (he has it, he has it), rings through the amphitheatre. If the wound be so severe as to disable him, he lowers his arms in token of defeat, then raising his hand, looks up to the people with mute imploring gaze, asking them to spare his life.* If he has acquitted himself very well, or has in any way won the favour of the spectators, his request may, perhaps, be granted. But when their passions and thirst of blood have been excited, or if he have shown any signs of fear, his death is inevitable. The people give the well-known fatal signal by turning down their thumbs. As he rolls his dim despairing eyes along the crowded benches, and meets only the merciless gaze of men and women, from whose hearts every vestige of pity would seem to have been effaced, he yields himself to his fate. The conqueror plunges his sword into the breast of his old comrade, the blood gushes forth and dyes the sand, the attendants come in, strike a hook into the mangled corpse, drag it out, strew fresh sand or saw-dust over the spot, a shower of perfumed waters refreshes the spectators, the bets which have been won or lost are settled, and then the sports begin again; and the same scene is repeated through the whole day, and often for many days in succession.

From the time of Nero, a fresh and even more exciting exhibition was added. Christians were brought upon the arena. Grey-haired fathers, venerable matrons, young virgins, and little children, were flung to the lions; or, having been clothed in garments dipped in tar, were impaled upon stakes and then set on fire, among the scoffs and jeers of the multitude. No cry was more popular in the streets of Rome, no amusement attracted a more eager throng, than that of "Christians to the lions." The fortitude and calmness with which they endured their frightful tortures and met their inevitable death, extorted the admiration even of their enemies, and, by God's blessing, prepared the way for the triumph of the Gospel, and the cessation of these brutal games. For they who were at first the victims in these bloody sports became their determined enemies, so soon as they were numerous enough to make their voice heard. Though the wisest and best of the Romans, Cicero and Pliny, spoke with approval and commendation of the gladiatorial shows, as tending to maintain Roman valour; yet these despised and illiterate Christians perceived how revolting to every sentiment of humanity, how fatal to the welfare of society, and how hateful in the sight of God, such displays must be. The first Christian emperor issued an edict forbidding them, but the habit was too inveterate to be summarily suppressed.

* Lipsius, from a consideration of various passages quoted by him, infers that they began with the sacrifice of one of the *Bestiarii* on the altar of Jupiter *Latinus*, which stood in the middle of the arena.

* Sometimes, in order to render the sports more attractive, the libelli announced that they would be "sine missione," i.e., that no defeated gladiator would be spared.

Various Christian writers continued to denounce them, but without success. At length, in the reign of Honorius, a priest named Telemachus entered the arena and separated the combatants. The people, indignant at the interruption offered to their sports, stoned the intruder, who fell dead on the spot so often drenched with the blood of gladiators and Christians. When calmer feelings returned, they became shocked at the crime they had perpetrated, and in the excitement thus caused, the cessation of gladiatorial shows was determined upon and carried into effect.

It is difficult to estimate the amount of evil thus arrested. Lipsius, the great authority on this question, reckons that sometimes the combats of the amphitheatre cost from twenty to thirty thousand lives per month, and adds that no war ever waged has caused so much slaughter as these games. The influence exerted upon the spectators was, if possible, more evil than upon the victims themselves, because it was more widely spread, and reached to all classes. How brutalizing must have been the effect of such scenes! How must Rome have relapsed into barbarism, before the arena, covered with gashed and ghastly corpses and drenched with human blood, could have been gazed upon with exultation and delight! How universal must the taint of blood have been, when the wisest could speak of them with approval, and the most refined attend them for amusement! Thank god for that gospel which has banished these diabolical sports from earth, and which breathes, wherever it is diffused, the spirit of love, gentleness, and peace.

ECCENTRICITIES OF FRENCH COMMERCIAL LEGISLATION.

IN the able lectures on French history, recently published by Sir James Stephens, an amusing account is given of the fetters imposed on trade by the old French code, even during the administration of Colbert, one of its ablest financiers. The whole strikingly shows how a powerful mind may be warped by prejudice and misconception.

In the tenth and three following centuries, commercial fraternities had been formed in most of the great cities of France (as of the rest of Europe) for the defence of the handicraftsmen against their feudal lords. When those guilds had effectually repelled oppression from themselves, they began to practise it on others. They were the Communists of that generation, and their history might teach a useful lesson to the Socialists of our own. Their tyranny was directed against all the private artisans who would not, or who could not, join their societies. No man could lawfully carry on his trade unless he became a freeman of one of their incorporations. No man could obtain that freedom except by the payment of admission fees, of a great but arbitrary amount. And before any one could be allowed so to qualify himself, he was required to produce to the guild a specimen of his skill, which they should acknowledge to be a *chef d'œuvre*. To many a candidate it was also a matter of extreme difficulty to ascertain what

was the guild into which his particular art or craft would authorize him to enter, for those companies were exceedingly numerous, and were engaged in ceaseless and acrimonious disputes with each other as to the precise limits of their respective functions. To determine those knotty questions, the tavern-keepers went to law with the bakers, and the fruiterers with the grocers; and a protracted contest before the courts was necessary to determine the precise point at which the appropriate office of the shoemaker gave place to that of the cobbler. It is with an admiration, not unmixed with awe, that we celebrate the venerable length of years which our own suits in Chancery occasionally attain; but they must be numbered amongst ephemeral litigation, when brought into contrast with the antediluvian longevity of some of the judicial controversies between the commercial brotherhoods of France. Thus, the tailors commenced in 1530 an action against the old-clothes men, which expired in the year 1776, in the 246th year of its age; though not till it had given birth (says M. Clement) to between 20,000 and 30,000 preliminary decrees. And thus, also, in the year 1509, the poulterers commenced a suit against the rôtisseurs, to determine whether, within their privilege of selling rôtis, the defendants were entitled to sell game and poultry. The Palais de Justice decided, in 1628, that is, in the 120th year of the discussion, that no rôtisseur might supply the meat required at any marriage, or other festival, unless it were celebrated under his own roof; but that within those domestic precincts, he might sell to any customer "three plates of boiled, and three of roast meat." A judgment which, though it left the main point unsettled, would have done honour to the Court of Barataria, under the presidency of that illustrious judge who has rendered its decisions for ever memorable.

In August, 1666, an edict, issued by Colbert, appeared, reciting, that the serge-makers of Aumale had, during some years, had "an entire liberty of determining, according to their own caprice," the length and breadth of their cloths, and that, on account of the consequent faults in those articles, the sale of them had greatly diminished. To remedy this evil, it was enacted that the serge-makers of the place should be formed into a trading company, enjoying the usual privileges for controlling all workmen in that business.

Twelve months later, Colbert promulgated another edict, reciting that the goods produced by the workers in gold, in silver, in silk, in wool, in thread, in dyeing, and in bleaching, were not of the requisite quality; and, therefore, laying down rules for the guidance of them all, in each of their various operations. These rules, in a single case, that of the dyers, comprised no less than 317 distinct articles.

There was a corporation of united barbers, wig-makers, and bathing-house keepers. For their better conduct, Colbert directed that the basins hung out at their shop-windows should always be white, to distinguish them from the surgeons' basins, which were always to be yellow. The barber-perruquiers, and they alone, might sell hair, excepting (added the provident lawgiver) any case in which any person may bring his own hair for sale to any wig-maker's shop.

By another enactment, it was forbidden to any master-workman to keep more than a single apprentice.

In many trades, as, for example, in the trade of bonneterie, every aspirant was to serve for five years as an apprentice, and then five years more as a journeyman; after which he was to produce his *chef d'œuvre*. Thus, in those days, no one in France might sell a "bonnet," which, under correction, I take to be the French for any female head-dress, who had not studied the art during ten years, and who had not then given proof of perfection in it—a perfection which (if reliance may be placed on circumstances not entirely unknown to some of us) would seem to be regarded by the best possible judges of the question, as not often attained, and as not easily attainable.

But from these obligations, the sons and daughters of master-workmen were to a very great extent exempted.

Every one anticipates the results of these puerilities; they gave rise to useless prosecutions, and to many oppressive and unprofitable punishments. They tended to confine the manufacturing business to a few privileged families, and to reduce the number of competitors to the lowest possible amount. They excited from every quarter resentments and remonstrances, which again provoked still more vexatious edicts. One of these, of the 24th December, 1670, ordained that any manufactured goods, which should not be in exact conformity to the royal ordinances, should be exhibited on a gibbet nine feet high, bearing the maker's name; and that, after twenty-four hours, they should be cut, torn, burned, or confiscated. For the second offence, the manufacturer was also to receive a public admonition in a full meeting of his guild. But, for the third offence, he was to be put into the stocks for two hours, with the fragments of his confiscated property hanging about him; an edict, says Forbonnais, which one might suppose to have been written in Japan. M. Clement, with greater equity, adds that, before affiliating such a law on the Japanese, one ought to ascertain what kind of opinion they would have of it.

THE LADY TRAVELLER.

ADVENTURES OF MADAME IDA PFEFFER.

THERE are few things accomplished by men that have not also been performed by the weaker and gentler sex. Armies have been commanded by them in actual battle; cities have been gallantly defended; death has been braved in the ranks, and encountered in the breach. Witness Semiramis, Boadicea, Joan of Arc, and the maid of Saragossa. They have ascended above the clouds as aeronauts; and gone down to blackness of darkness in the depth of mines. Delicate diplomatic affairs have been conducted to a successful issue by their tact, which would have been placed in jeopardy by the more bungling habits of men; while thrones have been filled and nations governed by them with singular ability. Our ancestors, indeed, grumbled at the prospect of holding their fiefs under the distaff, when the last Norman sovereign devised the crown to his daughter, and were so far deficient in chivalry as to sanction a male usurpation

of her rights. But we have become wiser in this respect, and are justified by experience, although our next neighbours across the Channel still cling to the ungallant Salic law. The bees, a wise nation, go to the opposite extreme, never suffering a king to reign over them. If a scandal merely, it certainly was of Romanist, not of Protestant invention, and commonly believed for centuries, that once upon a time, a woman who had disguised her sex, succeeded in gaining the papal chair, holding the keys of St. Peter for upwards of two years. Painting and sculpture have had proficient female votaries, while some of our ablest writers in fiction, poetry, history, and political economy, have been supplied from the ranks of women. They are frequent preachers in the meeting-houses of the Friends, and have, unhappily, of late become praters in political and socialist clubs. Nor are they chargeable with any marked deficiency in the department of the tongues, meaning, of course, in this remark, no allusion to their own vernacular, but to the dead languages. Lady Jane Grey made acquaintance with Plato in his native Hellenic garb; Miss Gurney rendered the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle into vernacular English; and Miss Smith translated the book of Job, handling Hebrew and Arabic roots as easily as balls of cotton. A lady, recently deceased, was the first to discover the nebula of Andromeda, and the second to detect the comet of Encke; while another, still living, has shown a profound knowledge of the mechanism of the heavens, with the higher departments of mathematics.

Though we must write under correction respecting the deeds of women, yet history, we believe, records not that any lady has hitherto commanded a ship of war, or scaled the snowy summit of Mont Blanc, or wintered amid the Arctic ice; but we do not presume to say that such gaps in the annals of female heroism will not be filled up. Nor have the other sex been much distinguished in the department of geographical adventure. It is true that many of our countrywomen are now familiar with the jolting march of the dromedary, and almost annually appear upon the Pyramids, while some extend their peregrinations beyond the cataracts of the Nile, braving the fierceness of the Nubian sun. But these scenes lie within the range of regularly constituted governments, and their fair visitors are not in the habit of venturing to them when depending upon their own resources. The present age has, however, supplied us with a perfect heroine in foreign travel, undauntedly mingling with lawless tribes without an escort, penetrating the depth of woods, roaming the desert, exploring the terrible phenomena of volcanic sites, and accomplishing a journey round the globe. Some notice of the travels and voyages of this extraordinary wanderer may not be without interest; but, in the first instance, a word of information may be given respecting the lady tourist.

About the commencement of the present century, there was residing with her parents a young German girl, answering to the name of Ida, that of her family not being known to us. In very early years she looked wistfully at the horizon of her native place, longing to pass its bounds, and become acquainted with the great outlying world. Travelling carriages were watched with eager

curiosity, and postilions were envied, as coming from scenes, and proceeding to localities, upon which she had never gazed. At the age of ten or twelve, books of voyages and travels were read, which largely detracted from the importance of the postilion, and caused the discoverer or circumnavigator to be an object of interest. The nearest hills were climbed, but others rose beyond them; and Ida sighed for the wings of a dove to surmount their summits, and behold for herself the distant physiognomy of nature, with the phenomena of human life. But the desire was not yet to be gratified, nor until years of patience and thrift had been gone through. Time rolled on; and the cares and duties of life were contracted. The young girl became a Viennese matron. Her husband's business obliged him to alternate in his residence between Vienna and Lemburg, while the education of two boys constrained the mother to abide in a fixed location. She fulfilled her domestic mission; and, though then at an age when most persons think of spending the remainder of life in quiet retirement, a new vocation was embraced, taxing courage, and requiring an entire sacrifice of ease. The dreams and visions of youth returned to her mind. Imagination went forth to distant regions; foreign manners and customs were thought of; skies and landscapes far away from those of fatherland were dwelt upon; and when in command of sufficient funds for the purpose, she started on her pilgrimage.

The first journey of Madame Pfeffer was to Palestine, a land of which there is little new to be written or read, having been so thoroughly ransacked by travellers, but which will ever have foreign visitors landing on its shores, to be eye-witnesses of its scenery, owing to the great historical events connected with it. "I thought," she states, in a retrospective record, "how delightful it would be to tread the soil which our Saviour hallowed for ever by his presence; and at length resolved to do so. I calculated the obstacles and dangers to be encountered; tried to dismiss the idea from my mind, but in vain. I cared little for privation; my bodily frame was healthy and inured to fatigue; I had no fear of death; and as my birth dates from the last century, I could venture to travel *alone*. Thus every hazard was reckoned, and my scheme deliberately formed. With feelings bordering on rapture, I set out on the journey to Palestine; and returning home again in safety, I thought it not presuming on God's goodness to follow the impulse of my nature." It is an extraordinary instance of pertinacity to a purpose, that having command of only very slender means, it took this resolute lady twenty years to save money enough to accomplish her first enterprise! A narrative of it, we believe, obtained from a German publisher a much higher sum than had been modestly anticipated, and assisted the adventurer in a second undertaking.

The qualifications of our traveller for her mission may be briefly stated, before we follow her footsteps farther. She has no pretensions to scientific knowledge or learned lore; bearings of places, latitudes and longitudes, meteorological observations, the geological structure of countries, and vexed questions respecting the antique, are not within her province; but she is an earnest and

acute observer of the aspects of nature and the economy of life, pleasantly recording what she sees and hears. It is impossible to conceive of any one more remote from tendencies to hysterics and fainting-fits, or less dainty and self-indulgent. At a railway station, she would economize her means, in the most dripping rain, by taking a ticket for the open carriages; and though starting for a long trip, there would be no hazard of being charged for over-abundant luggage—a carpet-bag containing a coffee-pot with its spirit-lamp, materials for a diary, and a few necessary articles, constituting her equipment. In trying moments she can be cool and self-possessed, while quick in devising expedients to surmount sudden difficulties. The scorching sun, the arctic cold, the wind, the wet, and the abominable social discomforts encountered among people of low civilization, are alike patiently endured. Unmurmuring, she adapted herself to the hardest external circumstances, sleeps in a church, or passes the night napping on the unsheltered earth, if other accommodation is wanting. Thus, after a long and fatiguing ride with her guide in Iceland—for Madame is a fearless horsewoman—they reached an inhabited spot at midnight; but failing to rouse the people, she took a meal of bread and water from a spring, turned the horses loose in a meadow, looked out a lair for herself by the side of a hut, which afforded some screen from the bitter wind, and lay down on the ground with the shelter of a cloak. As to food, she is clearly of opinion, that when one is really hungry, the articles which other people are eating may be despatched, however unaccustomed to them. Hence, upon this principle, a dish of roast monkey and parrots was quietly taken at an Indian repast; and, as the proof of the pudding is in the eating, we learn on authority, and all gourmands are welcome to the intelligence, that monkey-flesh is excellent, an appetite being supposed, while parrot-flesh is far less savoury and tender. It is an established rule with our heroine, not to encumber herself with provisions on going to an inhabited district, however barbarous the occupiers. "Wherever," says she, "human creatures are to be found, I carry with me no eatables. What they can live on, I can; and if I do not like their food it must be because I am not really hungry, and the remedy for that is to fast till I like anything."

The second journey of Madame Pfeffer was to Iceland, far remote from the highways of modern travel, and seldom visited except by traders from Copenhagen, and a few scientific explorers—a land of strange physical contrasts, snow mountains and volcanic fires, cold rigid glaciers and fountains at the boiling point—a land also of startling moral discordances, drunkenness prevailing in connexion with the strictest honesty, a knowledge of letters subsisting amid supreme indifference to filth, and book-shelves on which stands the Bible hanging in cabins alive with crowds of vermin, while reeking with the vilest odours. The journey was performed in the year 1845, and a narrative of it appeared at Pesh previous to the breaking out of the Hungarian war. Proceeding from Vienna, through Prague, Dresden, and Hamburg, she arrived at Copenhagen. There embarking in a merchant-vessel, Reikiavik was safely reached, the

chief town of the island, dignified with the name of capital, but not larger than a moderate-sized English village; and, excepting the official buildings, composed of huts of wood, or rude blocks of lava. Though provided with letters of introduction to the authorities, the visitor was left very much to her own resources, and not being furnished with a long purse, she had to put up with cold looks and scant accommodation from all parties. No pay, no welcome, seems to be the universal rule with the islanders; and thus, in one of the most comfortless regions of the globe, the Viennese matron obtained no compensation for nature's dreariness in human sympathies. She evidently thinks the name, Iceland, not more appropriate to the country than to the people, indicating their position being towards zero in the scale of hospitality. As to other habits in which delicacy is concerned, she roundly affirms them to be much beneath the wildest Arabs and Bedouins encountered on her Eastern tour. We are sorry to meet with such statements respecting the Icelanders; they contradict, to some extent, previous impressions; but as every man can read, and every hut has a bible, there is a foundation laid for improvement.

Oddly enough, the churches, of which there are some three hundred in the island, were at the service of the traveller, whenever she was at a loss where to sleep; and having no nervous apprehensions about being in the vicinity of dead men's bones, she used them as hotels, and found her quarters incomparably preferable to the cabins of the peasantry, with their armies, minute, yet vast, of insatiable tormentors. It seems that almost every church has its lumber-room, a space boarded off from the rest of the building, where provisions are stored, all kinds of articles not in immediate request are deposited, and where wayfarers are welcome to dispose themselves to rest. Upon this usage, Madame Pfeffer justly remarks:—"I doubt whether such a desecration of sacred edifices occurs anywhere else amongst the most barbarous tribes. They told me that the abuse was on the point of being abolished. It should have been long since, and even now it seems likely to remain at the point of *being*; for wherever I came, the church was at my disposal for the night, and in every one I found fish, tallow, and other fetid things in store."

Those causes of physical disturbance which have so frequently agitated the surface of the island, pouring seas of lava over its plains and valleys from volcanic vents, were comparatively dormant at the period of this visit. The fire-king slumbered in his subterranean halls. Hecla showed no smoke, not even the form of a crater, but exhibited a rounded snow-capped cone, a site as apparently secure and unalterable as any of the summits of our own land. Still the hot springs sent up clouds of steam, and the mighty discharging fountains were active, attesting the fierceness and the contiguity to the surface of hidden fires. Thermal waters are found in various parts of the island. Reikiavik derives its name from some in the neighbourhood, the prefix *reik*, "smoke," Scotch, "reek," referring to the steam or vapour which rises from them. But the most remarkable are those which display violent ebullition, throwing up their scalding waters high into the air, at

irregular intervals, to which the name of geyser is applied, a term derived from the Icelandic *geysa*, signifying to burst forth with vehemence and impetuosity. These wonderful objects, of which there are two prominent, are situated on a plain, at the base of some high lands, about thirty-six miles from Hecla. Our excursionist of course proceeded to this far-famed spot, discoverable at some distance by enormous pillars of steam rising from the principal vents, and many minor cloudlets of vapour ascending from surrounding springs, which are at a high temperature, or boil incessantly, but without any discharge of their contents. As the phenomenon of the geyser in eruption occurs at uncertain periods, from one to two days commonly elapsing between the grand jets, Madame Pfeffer had to make up her mind to remain some time at the spot, in order to witness a burst. In 1834, Barrow had to wait thirty-five hours before he was gratified by the spectacle. Fortunately for the lady, M. Grimard, a French traveller, had left behind him a tent, which he had used for the purpose, for the accommodation of succeeding visitors. Here she took up her abode, having received directions from a neighbouring peasant how to proceed with safety in case the explosion occurred in the night. She sat now outside, now within the tent, listening eagerly for the subterranean roarings, which precede and announce the astonishing display. But these warning signs often prove false alarms, being followed by merely a slight overflow of the water in the basin.

Night came on, and a more striking example of female hardihood it is scarcely possible to conceive than that exemplified by this watcher of the geyser, far from home and friends, alone in a tent, and in the immediate vicinity of tremendous elements, momentarily expected to display their power. Midnight came, the hour when spirits stalk abroad, according to immemorial vulgar superstition, and some dull sounds were heard, resembling the noise of cannon fired at a considerable distance. She rushed at once from the tent, but no explosion followed the signal. She observes upon being hardly able to avoid a feeling of apprehension. "To feel one's-self alone at midnight in a scene like this was indeed no trifle." At last, on the second day of her residence, about half-past eight in the morning, patience and courage were rewarded with the sight of a magnificent discharge. After the premonitory sounds had been heard, and were dying away upon the ear, the explosion began instantaneously. The sight was one of overwhelming grandeur and marvellous beauty, the effect of which was heightened by the mysteriousness of the cause. All expectations and conceptions were immeasurably surpassed. "The waterspouts shot upwards with indescribable force, vehemence and abundance; each succeeding pillar rising higher than the last, as if vying with each other. Without exaggeration I think I may assert that the strongest stream rose certainly above a hundred feet in height, and was from three to four feet in diameter. When this amazing spectacle was over, the peasant led me to the basin. We could now safely approach not only this, but the crater also; and go round to examine both at pleasure. There was nothing more to apprehend. The water had totally disappeared from the basin; we went down

into it, and quite close to the crater, in which the water had sunk away to a depth of seven to eight feet from the surface, still violently gurgling and swelling."

It was no object of concern with the traveller to speculate upon the physical causes which operate in these extraordinary efforts of nature. But it will not be inappropriate to remark, that they are explained generally, by the supposition of a subterranean cavity where water and steam collect, communicating by a fissure with the surface. The water rising above the aperture prevents the free escape of the steam till, under high pressure, it acquires sufficient energy to effect its own disengagement, discharging the water along with it, with tremendous velocity, through the orifice. It is singular that the old Icelandic writers never mention these curiosities of nature in their island. Ari Frode, who flourished in the eleventh century, and was brought up in their immediate vicinity, makes no allusion to them; nor are they referred to by a native till the time of Svenson, bishop of Skalholt, in the seventeenth century. But this by no means warrants the conclusion that the geysers are of recent origin, due to any of the disturbances that have transpired since the first Norwegian colonists landed on the soil. We have a parallel, but still more extraordinary instance of omission, in the case of the younger Pliny, who saw the first recorded eruption of Vesuvius, lost his uncle by the catastrophe, and enters into details respecting the event, but never mentions the circumstance of Herculaneum and Pompeii being overwhelmed and destroyed.

THE INTELLIGENT AND THE MECHANICAL WORKER.

A LESSON FOR YOUTH.

Two lads were set to work together in the garden of a nurserymen; both were honest and industrious. They performed, to the master's satisfaction, the work required of them, and remained long in his service. But between these two lads there was a great difference, and herein it consisted: day after day, and year after year, John went to the tool-house, fetched out his spade, hoe, rake, or scythe, and used them as directed; and when done with, put them away again, without ever making an observation or asking a question that would add one jot to his stock of information. In course of time, he must, through mere mechanical habit, have become more expert in handling his tools, but it may be questioned whether in the lapse of years he gained one idea, even on the subject of his own calling. Henry, on the other hand, constantly observed what passed before him. He not merely followed the directions given him, but tried to understand their principle, and if he could not perceive it, civilly inquired of his master, or one of the elder men, *why* such a thing was to be done in such a manner? If he saw two men do the same thing in a different manner from each other, he watched the result of the two methods, and treasured up in his mind the comparative value of each. The handle of one of his tools was frequently broken; it was of willow wood. "Perhaps," thought he, "this is not a

suitable handle for the purpose; ash is more tough and close, and might answer better." He fitted in a handle of ash-wood, and found it durable. This was a piece of knowledge that he could never forget. Then he made his remarks on the different soils and situations chosen for certain plants. He observed the modes of culture employed by the most skilful of the men. If an injury occurred, he endeavoured, if possible, to trace it to its cause, and guard against it in future. Thus he was continually acquiring practical skill and experience, and sometimes suggested a hint for improvement which his superiors found worth adopting. And can it be supposed that he, like John, would remain all his life a mere digging machine? No; his diligence and attention qualified him to rise whenever a vacancy occurred: his master felt pleasure in promoting him, and at the same time advancing his own interests, by securing so intelligent and faithful a servant. He has been many years foreman or superintendent of the whole concern, and is generally supposed to hold a sort of partnership in the property.—*Rural Economy.*

FELICIA HEMANS.

"Oh, woman, self-forgetting woman, poetry of human life."
PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

SUFFERING, thinking, and dreaming, as man never suffers, thinks, or dreams, woman is peculiarly susceptible to the influence of poetry. In her position and characteristics, she herself forms much of the "poetry of human life," while her perception of its deep and earnest utterance is one of the essential laws of her being. Knowing more sorrow than man, more solitude, more pain, more inaction, woman possesses a hidden world of brightness and activity, of enthusiasm and poetry, from which spring all manner of sweet fancies and tender thoughts, mingled with unspeakable yearnings after the true and the noble, the unseen and the immortal. Many a genius-temple, many a censer of rich gems and spices, many a treasury of fine gold, thus remain unseen and unsuspected, though not the less valuable in the sight of Him who gives each good and perfect gift; not the less useful in refreshing and refining all around. It is with those, however, who have taken the outward step from the portico, who have yielded the key of the coffer, who have diffused the incense, that we have now to do.

Woman as a poet differs essentially from man. Inferior to him in grasp of mind and strength of intellect; destitute of his nervous terseness and pointedness of expression, she is not, like him, a poet for the million; her words are not interwoven with the language of her time, nor her numbers quoted from the bar and the senate. Like a flower hidden by the wayside grasses, many pass by and seek not the traced and pencilled petals; like a star in the nebustic clusters, many see, but distinguish not the brightness.

While frankly acknowledging the female poet's intellectual inferiority, we may claim for her the palm in purity, earnestness, and singleness of purpose. There are elements in woman's poetry of higher heroism than that of man; of more enduring affection; of more unselfish devotion. And

more frequently, or rather more habitually, does she tune the lyre of earth in unison with the lyre of heaven; more fixedly does she look up and away from the things that are seen and temporal, to the things that are unseen and eternal. We also would claim for woman the charm of greater subjective truthfulness. The inner life of the poetess can be more transparently seen in the poetry; while in that of man, we trace more easily the impression of surrounding circumstances; of the scenery, the society, the outer life, the visible joy. Be woman where she may—in the gay city, amidst the solitary mountains, by the homely fireside—there are thoughts and feelings crowding and glowing, there are sources of inner smiles and inner tears, repressed, and hidden, and intensified till they flow out in verse; all unlike the outer life it may be, but picturing truthfully, even if unconsciously, the heart within. Deficient in the *art* of poetry, woman cannot, like a Byron or a Moore, speak thrilling words of high things and beautiful when her heart is far from them. Proficient in all that is natural and true, she cannot hide, even at her will, woman's faults and woman's history in woman's poetry.

Rarely does the life of the poetess present features of striking interest; the outward excitement absorbs itself, and it is only the prisoned energy, the hidden inspiration, that breathes and burns in verse. The life of FELICIA HEMANS was no exception to the rule: its vicissitudes were principally the vicissitudes of feeling, its eddies and its currents caused by the master-grief which stood like a rock in an elsewhere placid stream.

Felicia Dorothea Browne was born at Liverpool, September 25th, 1793. From thence she passed into "the green land of Wales," at so early a period that her heart clung to its mountains and its waters, its bards and its hamlets, as if it were indeed her own land; while memories of Gwrych, in Denbighshire, and Bronwylla and Rhyllon, in Flintshire, were treasured in after years, by her and her whole family, as bright and happy homes. Gifted from her earliest years with beauty, vivacity, and precocious genius, scarcely had she numbered eleven summers, when the music began to tremble forth, which afterwards poured such rich and fervid strains. At last came the hour which changes the early heart of woman; and from the bosom of a cherishing home, and a mother's love, Felicia went forth to tread untrodden pathways, to make trial of untried hearts. The result is well known: married in 1812, to Captain Hemans of the 4th regiment, in six years they were separated, never to meet again. Many sources of blessing yet remained; a loving mother, and herself a beloved child, she returned to the maternal home, as a shelter from the storm. Then was melody created out of the sorrow, language out of the silence, beauty out of the desolation; and when fame approached with its leafy diadem, it was not to spoil or elate, but to humble and to solemnize her who felt how vain were its allurements to a wounded spirit.

We now find Mrs. Hemans enjoying much domestic and social happiness, although her increasing eminence brought increasing claims on her time and strength, while she was earnest and unwearied in cultivating and diffusing the talent

which God had given her. It was not till after the death of her mother, and the dispersion of the little band of devoted brothers and sisters, that she left her beloved Wales, and settled with her children at Wavertree, in the vicinity of her birth-place. It was about this time that she made two journeys into Scotland, and brightened the constellation of genius which was then shedding its light upon the lovely banks of Tweed. Warmly welcomed to the charmed circle of Chiefswood and Abbotsford, she was at once in her element with the gentle and chivalric "Minstrel," and roamed with delight amidst the loveliness of Ettrick and Yarrow, the three-hilled Eildon, and the moon-lighted oriel of "fair Melrose." It is one of our earliest recollections to have seen Mrs. Hemans at this time; and the sound of her peculiarly gentle voice, and the caressing touch of her hand, never faded from the memory of childhood, especially tenacious, when mingled with its instinctive consciousness of a gifted presence. The health of the poetess, which had ever been fragile, began to decline visibly, and in 1831 she again, for the last time, moved her residence to what was in reality her "father-land,"* and in Dublin she lived for the remainder of her short career. Increasing pain and languor told that the earthly tabernacle was dissolving. The shadows of the dark valley became irradiated with faith, hope, and love. At last, on the 16th of May, 1835, she entered into the "Better Land."

"Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft."

Such, in a few words, are the events in the life of Felicia Hemans; but not so brief is the history of her own heart, as narrated to us in her writings; and it will be our pleasing task to let her voice, though silent, yet speak to us.

The first characteristic that we shall notice in Mrs. Hemans' poetry, is her pre-eminent understanding and appreciation of her own sex; we may call her, indeed the poet laureate of woman, but only in the best and noblest sense. Humble in her loftiness, and lofty in her humility, she taught no new doctrines of "emancipation;" she demanded no feminine "rights," and mourned no feminine "wrongs," and never do her heroines outstep their own sphere. It is ever the unselfish deed, the meek endurance, the noble daring for the loved and the suffering, that she celebrates in song of stately beauty. In these days of utilitarianism, it is not without its uses to show woman as she has been, and we venture to say, ever will be—capable of the loftiest actions of self-denial and devotion, imbued with the heart of the martyr, and the spirit of the hero. Wherever danger and death have been, in all ages and in all countries—in the catacombs of Rome, on the hills of the Covenant, by the table of the secretary, in the judgment-hall,* in the cathedral of Rheims, and at the stake of Rouen, in the lone lighthouse in the midst of the waters—there do we find the presence of woman as the "falcon-hearted dove," showing strength out of very weakness, courage out of very

* Mrs. Hemans' father was an Irishman.

† See Life of Lady Rachel Russell.

cowardice; or, to ask the question, and give the answer in the beautiful words of our author:—

"Thou fair and gentle thing,
Unused to meet a glance which doth not speak
Of tenderness or homage! how should'st thou
Bear the hard aspect of un pitying men,
Or face the king of terrors?"

There is strength,
Deep bedded in our hearts, of which we reck
But little, till the shafts of Heaven have pierced
Its fragile dwelling. Must not earth be rent,
Before her gems are found? Oh how I feel
Worthy the generous love which hath not shunned
To look on death for me! My heart hath given
Birth to as deep a courage, and a faith
As high in its devotion.*

We also find this phase of woman's temperament thus beautifully described in "The Switzer's Wife," who is sending forth her husband, Werner Stauffacher, to make his country free. We may observe once for all, however, that in quoting this and some other passages relative to martial struggles, we do so as illustrating the character of her poetry, not as desiring to express sentiments at variance with those which some of our readers may entertain as to the lawfulness of war as a remedy for any social or political evils.

"Are we thus oppressed?
Then must we rise upon our mountain sod,
And man must arm, and woman call on God!"

"I know what thou would'st do; and be it done!
Thy soul is darkened with its fears for me.
Trust me to Heaven, my husband! this, thy son,
The babe whom I have borne thee, must be free!
And the sweet memory of our pleasant hearth
May well give strength—if aught be strong on earth.

"Thou hast been brooding o'er the silent dread
Of my desponding tears; now, lift once more,
My hunter of the hills! thy stately head,
And let thine eagle glance my joy restore.
I can bear all but seeing thee subdued;
Take to thee back thine own undaunted mood.

"Go forth beside the waters, and along
The chamois paths, and through the forests go;
And tell, in burning words, thy tale of wrong
To the brave hearts that 'midst the hamlets glow.
God shall be with thee, my beloved!—Away!
Bless but thy child and leave me: I can pray!"†

We have, however, often regretted that Mrs. Hemans, with her power of truthfully and graphically delineating woman, has not left "Records" of that heroism which is all the nobler because it is unseen and unsung upon earth.

"Meek souls there are who little deem,
Their daily strife an angel's theme,
And that the rod they take so calm,
Shall prove in Heaven a martyr's palm."

Many a heroine, of whom the world is not worthy, lives a "glorious life"‡ beside the peaceful fireside, and dies a glorious death, with none to sing a requiem. Those who, without any love save the love of God, any beauty save the beauty of holiness, any excitement save the good Spirit shed abroad in their hearts, go on from day to day, working their work, and suffering their suffering—

* Vespers of Palermo.

† Records of Women.

‡ "For all may have,
If they dare chuse, a glorious life and grave."—HERBERT.

daily weeping and daily struggling, and yet shedding a mild sunshine around them—are surely meet subjects for a poetical pen. Well might the dress-maker of Yarmouth* take her honoured place amidst the "Records of Woman."

The passion for music which haunted her own heart we have vividly brought out in her lays, which themselves produced the effect of harmony upon the ear and heart; not the grandeur of Handel and Haydn, but the thrill of some early long-loved melody;

"The song or the strain that we once heard at home;"

or the peculiarly soft and sustained melody of Mendelssohn, note within note, link within link. At one period of her life Mrs. Hemans thus writes, speaking of a sentiment expressed in a work by Jean Paul Richter: "What a deep echo gives answer within the mind to the exclamation of the 'immortal old man' at the sound of music. 'Away! away! thou speakest of things which, throughout my endless life, I have found not, and shall not find!' All who have felt music must, at times, I think, have felt this, making its sweetness too piercing to be sustained." And at another time: "I do not think that I can bear the burthen of my life, without music, for more than two or three days." Not, however, the mere excitement of ordinary souls for ordinary music—

"No! a loftier strain,
A deeper music! Something that may bear
The spirit upon slow, yet mighty wings,
Unswayed by gusts of earth; something all filled
With solemn adoration, tearful prayer."‡

Along with the love of music, we find the twin feeling of the love of nature; and the one, like the other, when at its truest and deepest, is ever found suggestive; and so we here find it. Year by year, the fountain and the flood, the bird and the breeze, spoke more intelligibly to her heart of Him who made them; the little flowers upon the hill-side became the organs of "mysterious truths,"§ and the stars, in their midnight courses, suggested "a welcome change of country."

Extreme value and cultivation of *all* household and home affections, is a prominent feature in the volumes before us. Graceful and truthful delineations of woman's love are numerous throughout; but perhaps there are none more touchingly beautiful than this stanza in her own prophetic hymn:—

"That I have loved—that I have known the love
Which troubles in the soul the tearful springs,
Yet, with a colouring halo from above,
Tinges and glorifies all earthly things,
Whate'er its anguish or its woe may be,
Still weaving links for intercourse with thee;
I bless thee, O my God!

"That by the passion of its deep distress,
And by the o'erflowing of its mighty prayer,
And by the yearning of its tenderness,
Too full for words upon its stream to bear,
I have been drawn still closer to thy shrine,
Well-spring of love, the unfathomed, the divine;
I bless thee, O my God!"§

* See the Life of Sarah Martin.

† Flowers and Music in a Room of Sickness.

‡ "Flowers are the alphabets of angels, wherewith they write upon hills and dales mysterious truths."

§ Dying Hymn of a Poet.

Her sentiments upon the tie which was to her but a name, are best shown by the concluding lines of "Corinne at the Capitol:"—

"Happier, happier far than thou,
With the laurel on thy brow,
She who makes the humblest hearth
Happy but to one on earth."

Touchingly confirmed by this passage from one of her letters:—"Of all things may I never become that despicable thing, a woman living upon admiration. The village matron *tidying up* for her husband and children at evening, is far, far more enviable and respectable." The devoted love of brother and sister, so strong a fibre in her own heart, she has delighted in bringing into verse, for—

"Oh! a sister's heart is deep,
And her spirit strong to keep
Each light link of early hours,
All sweet scents of childhood's flowers:—"

Paternal love and reverence are exquisitely embodied in the "Prisoner's Evening Service," and in the "Father reading the Bible;" while in the frequent mention of the love of mother and child, and child to mother, we trace affecting records of her own intense love and yearning sorrow for a departed mother, and her trembling rejoicing over the youthful treasures around her hearth. Friendship also, as to all true hearts, was to her a boon sent to smooth and to lighten darksome hours and weary ways; and she sings thus sweetly and mournfully:—

"I go, sweet friends! yet think of me,
When Spring's young voice awakes the flowers;
For we have wandered far and free
In those bright hours, the violet's hours."

"I go; but when ye pause to hear,
From distant hills, the Sabbath-bell
On summer winds float silvery clear,
Think on me then—I loved it well!"

"Forget me not around your hearth,
When cheerily smiles the ruddy blaze,
For dear hath been its evening mirth,
To me, sweet friends, in other days."

"And oh! when music's voice is heard
To melt in strains of parting woe,
When hearts to love and grief are stirred,
Think of me then!—I go, I go!"

The melancholy which pervades every line of Mrs. Hemans' works is too painfully characteristic to be passed over in silence. "I am weary, weary, and I would that I were dead," is too often the implied language of her poetry. It is true that life is sorrowful, and perhaps a greater capacity of suffering is meted to those dowered with a greater capacity for enjoyment; but "struggle, thou art better for the strife, the very energy will hearten thee."† Suffering brings gratitude,‡ suffering brings knowledge,§ suffering blossoms into beauty and forms into fruit, and the path of the just, though it be tearful and troubled, is yet a "shining path," bearing a joyful certainty of

progression to the "perfect day." While we admiringly and reverentially recall the memory of talent so sanctified to all that was pure and womanly, we must confess our belief, mingled with our sorrow, that Mrs. Hemans did not possess the highest cast of genius. That she possessed genius, is abundantly proved by every line of her noble poetry; by her "weary striving after ideal beauty," and by her humility and consciousness of having fallen short of it; her thoughts, too, were winged with heavenward pinions, and her sentiments were ever the upward and the elevated. The highest order of genius, however, is not that which loses itself among the sun-bright clouds, but like the lark returns again to earth, bringing wherewithal to cheer and to strengthen, to feed and to enlighten. The highest order of genius will not write thus—"And I, too, have high views, doubt it not. My very suffering proves it; for how much of this is occasioned by quenchless aspirations after intellectual and moral beauty, never to be found on earth! they seem to sever me from others, and make my lot more lonely than life has made it. Can you think that any fervent and aspiring mind ever passed through this world without suffering from that void which has been the complaint of all? 'Les âmes dont l'imagination tient à la puissance d'aimer et de souffrir, ne sont-ils pas les bannis d'une autre région?' I know that it must be so; that nothing earthly can fill it, and that it cannot be filled with the infinite, until infinity shall have opened upon it."*

This is genius marred with sentimentality. The highest and the purest will have so much of the sunshine of its true home to diffuse, it will seek out so much beauty, and truth, and love, that it will have no time to mourn over the "banishment," which is to be but for "a little while"—no wish for more fulness than joyful work for the Finite, and throbbing love for the Infinite. One who was herself gifted with many gifts, thus writes of Mrs. Hemans:—"Did we not know this world to be but a place of trial—our bitter probation for another and for a better—how strange in its severity would seem the lot of genius in a woman. The keen feeling, the generous enthusiasm, the lofty aspiration, and the delicate perception, are given but to make the possessor unfitted for her actual position."† This is unsound reasoning and ungrateful assertion. Genius is *not* given to a woman only as "part of a bitter probation"—*not* "to make her unfit for her actual position." True, when the gift of genius is abused, or when it is but a spurious gift, these painful effects are all that remain, as a few ashes from the crucible into which has been cast but gilded wood and stubble. The highest attainment and ambition of woman's genius ought to be, the power of performing *all* duty—the highest as well as the lowest—with the greatest possible amount of energy and success; and to pass through life with her heart filled with loving perceptions and earnest resolves, with which she may bestow happiness, soothe sorrows, and inculcate truth. It is but the sentimentalist who dreams or frets away life because she is "not understood." True genius

* See 'Shepherd Poet of the Alps.'

† Martin Tupper.

‡ Out of the suffering comes the serious mind; out of the salvation, the grateful heart."—RUSKIN.

§ "What does he know who has not suffered?"—GREENE POET.

* Memoir, p. 174.

† Miss Landon, in *New Monthly Magazine* for August, 1835.

enables the heart to understand, and true genius is ever easily understood.

We now approach "the time of the end," when wearied with the burdens which had early weighed upon her heart, like the snow on green branches, Felicia Hemans slept her last slumber and awoke in "the land of peace." Deeply and joyfully interesting is it to trace the gradual progression and preparedness of her mind. Enabled more and more to cast all the deep mysteries of woman's heart upon woman's God, we are told that "she now sought no longer to forget her trials, but rather to contemplate them through the only true and reconciling medium; and that relief from sorrow and suffering for which she had once been apt to turn to the fictitious world of imagination, was now afforded her by calm and constant meditations on what can alone be called '*the things that are.*'" * Her poetry assumed a more healthy aspect, and spoke with a more solemn voice; the tones of the swan were graver and sweeter than the previous gushing of the nightingale. In her noble poem of 'Despondency and Aspiration,' in the various sonnets penned during her last illness, and the 'Sabbath Sonnet,' written but a few days before her death, we can trace some of the dealings with her soul by her reconciled Father:—

"Thine are all holy things,—oh make *me* thine,
So shall I, too, be pure—a living shrine
Unto that Spirit, which goes forth from thee,
Strong and divinely free."

Nor was she left without at least one token that in her own appointed service, she had not been an unprofitable servant. One soul, as far as man can judge, was given to her for her richest guerdon. During an illness of Mrs. Hemans, before she was sufficiently recovered to see strangers, a gentleman called at her house in Dublin one day, and entreated for an interview with so much importunity that he was at last admitted. The stranger explained with the deepest feeling, that the object of his visit was to inform her of the faith and hopes, more precious to him than life, which, under Providence, he owed to her poem of "The Sceptic," which had first shaken his infidelity, and then sent him to "search the scriptures." Having poured forth his thanks and benedictions, the unknown visitor departed as he came, with the deepest emotion.

As the closing scene drew nearer, the light shone more and more clearly, and "she continually spoke of the unutterable comfort she derived from dwelling on the contemplation of the atonement;" to one friend who had not the same hope, she sent the message that *this* alone was "her rod and her staff;" to another, that the love and tenderness of the Lord Jesus was "the sweetness of her couch." To her faithful attendant she said—"Oh, Anna, do not you love your kind Saviour? . . . I am like a quiet babe at His feet, and yet my spirit is full of His strength." It is touchingly beautiful to see how the fine strings of the woman's genius, and the palpitating fibres of the woman's heart, are alike elevated to the only doctrine which can satisfy any created soul, but more especially the needs and cravings of the

genius-dowered. It is with "a sure and certain hope" of the rising again of the set star, of the genius glorified and consecrated, living and working for its Giver through all eternity, that we now leave

"The sleeper with her God to rest."

THE HUSHING OF THE FEAR-STORM.

It is about three hours past midnight, and the morning watch has just been set. Rough and boisterous is the weather on the hill-girdled lake of Galilee. A strong gale comes sweeping from the west, which lashes the water into foam-crested billows, rising and rolling and roaring like multitudes of angry spirits bursting rebelliously from the caverns of the deep. It is three weeks before the Passover, and the old moon has reached her last quarter; but the heavy clouds, as they chase one another over the deep sky, hide her bright face, and veil the stars. Still a dim light is left, enough to show a boat with several fishermen, who are bound for Bethsaida, near Capernaum, on the eastern shore. The wind is so violent and contrary, that they have hardly made one league of their voyage. The useless sails are wrapped up, all dripping with wet; and the brawny arms of the rowers, used to the exercise, are tugging at the oar, which, as it cuts the billows, seems like labour lost, for against the impetuous sea and the blasts that cut their weather-bronzed faces they can make no headway. Anxiously do they long for the breaking of the day—glancing wistfully to the east, as if they would antedate the sunrise. Prayerfully do they desire that He who holds the winds in his fist, and the waters in the hollow of his hand, would quell the storm, and give them a prosperous passage to the haven where they would be. Still, however, the wind whistles, and the billows roll and curl about the bark until they are ready to despair.

But what is that yonder? A faint gleam of moonlight through half-opened clouds falls upon a mysterious and majestic form that stands revealed among the lofty waves, which, as they touch his feet, become calm and smooth and silent, as if hushed and awed by some god-like presence. He seems, moreover, to be nearing the vessel. Yes; the figure becomes larger and more distinct as it clearly advances, and the liquid billows seem hardened into polished marble beneath his feet. Still on he walks. And as the rowers discern him approaching, they are smitten with fear and trepidation. The feathered oar is suddenly suspended as the hand convulsively grasps it more firmly than before. The fishermen start back with distended eye and quivering lip; and at the strange phenomenon they are troubled and cry out. And now his shadow is over them, and he is so near that they can recognise his voice, and as he speaks—"Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid"—their agony is at an end. "The wind ceased, and they were sore amazed in themselves beyond measure, and wondered."

The Egyptians were wont, in their hieroglyphic writing, to represent an impossibility by painting a man's feet walking on the sea. In the Old Tes-

* Memoir, p. 255.

tament scriptures, the omnipotent strength of Jehovah is referred to as specially displayed in His control over the mighty waters. If not acquainted with Egyptian signs, these mariners were familiar with Hebrew songs, which in this way celebrated the almightiness of God. On a calm night when the air was still, when the stars looked down all cloudlessly upon the slumbering lake, and they were rowing homeward; or on a bright evening, as they sat on the rocks by the shore mending their nets; or as the storm beat without, and they sat in their fisher-cots, listening to the elements outside; we can fancy we hear them singing the fine old psalm—"Thy way is on the sea, and thy path in the deep waters, and thy footsteps are not known;" or the song of the Idumean patriarch—"God alone spreadeth out the heavens and treadeth upon the waves of the sea." Hence, walking on the sea would seem to Christ's disciples not only an extraordinary and supernatural, but, in a special sense, a god-like act. Consequently, though accustomed to his miracles, they would be beyond measure amazed at this. And so they were. Perhaps passages of the Old Testament occurred to their mind as they saw him there, exerting power so unearthly and sublime. And though no distinct idea of our Lord's divinity might be conveyed to them when they recognised him, yet it seems not improbable that afterwards, when their eyes were enlightened from above, they would see in the circumstance, as they reflected on it, an indication of the deity of their Lord.

And then, the ceasing of the wind and the subsidence of the storm further pointed to him as possessed of divine power; for after the floods had lifted up their voice, for them to be so simultaneously hushed in his presence, looked as if he must be that very Lord on high, who is mightier than the noise of many waters. And then his words—literally, "Be of cheer; I AM,"—how they couple themselves with that old oracle, "Thou shalt say unto the children of Israel, I AM hath sent me unto you." So said he at another time, "Before Abraham was, I AM;" "then took they up stones to stone him." Although the disciples might not catch his meaning at the moment, and become satisfied that their Master was "God manifest in flesh"—yet there can be little doubt that this primary truth of Christianity is supported by the narrative, and that it was intended to strengthen the faith of the church in that cardinal article of its creed to the end of time. And then, his seeing them toiling as they rowed, and his coming to them, how full of meaning was the incident! "For it had been his purpose in all this, as Chrysostom well brings out, to discipline and lead them up to even higher things than they had learned before. In the first storm he was present in the ship with them, and thus they must have felt all along that if it came to the worst they might rouse him, and the very consciousness of his presence must have given them a sense of comparative security. But he will not have them to be clinging only to the sense of his bodily presence—as ivy, needing always an outward support, but as hardy forest trees which can brave a blast; and this time he puts them forth into the danger alone, even as some loving mother bird thrusts her fledglings from

the nest, that they may find their own wings, and use them."

The miracles of Christ were not merely proofs of his mission, and evidences of his divinity, but they served as parables to the eye—as paintings, in visible fact, of spiritual realities. In the blind and lame whom Christ cured, we recognise emblems of our darkened and maimed humanity; and in the healing touch of the good Physician, we discern the shadow of that saving virtue which enlightens, renovates, and makes whole the human soul. It is not a bare historical narrative which we have in the eleventh chapter of John, but a beautiful pictorial commentary on the words, "You hath he quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins." So in the present passage, we have a touching illustration of the stormy night of trouble, and the fears that smite men's hearts, and the presence, power, and consolation of the Christian's Divine Friend.

That picture on the Galilean lake; of the mountain-bounded waters, with the winds sweeping down the rocky gullies, and covering the whole sheet of inland sea with spray and foam; that picture of a troubled sky, with leaden clouds driving over the moon and obscuring its light; that picture of a helpless band of fishermen, the sport of the winds, striving in vain to near the shore; what a lovely parable is it of many a scene in our present spiritual life-voyage. Does it not aptly image the troubles which overtake us when we are plunged in poverty, and when, with all our tugging at the oar of toil, we are incapable of getting the shattered bark of our affairs out of the storm of pecuniary difficulty which threatens to swallow it up? Does it not shadow forth personal afflictions, when the power of disease is let loose, and the patient is "full of tossings to and fro unto the dawning of the day," and his debilitated frame is as a storm-damaged boat? Does it not typify the effect of bereavement, when the dark shadow of death comes over us, when voices from eternity fall on our ear, and the damp breath of the sepulchre touches and chills the heart? Does it not suggest spiritual conflicts arising from doubts about great principles; or from fears respecting one's own safety; or from thoughts prompted by the Spirit of Evil, who loves, if he can, to snap the cable which holds the anchor of hope, and turn our poor hearts adrift upon an ocean of suffering? And, as it is said that the wind comes driving all of a sudden down those Galilean hills, swelling into angry surges what before was an unbroken glassy surface, so, does not tribulation suddenly overtake us? We spend one day in peace, it may be, and the next comes laden with trouble; we leave our homes the abodes of health and comfort, and on our return find them invaded by sickness or death; we lie down to rest full of hope, but "at eventide there is trouble, and before the morning he is not."

Such things fill men with fear. Some troubles there are of such enormous magnitude, portentous form, and gloomy aspect, as may well make the stoutest hearts quake with terror. While some only sip of sorrow, others have waters of a full cup; while some are wearied in a land of peace, others have to wade through the swellings of Jordan; while some are only like mariners in a

boat, overdashed with spray, others are like shipwrecked sailors, without skiff or scantling in the open sea, where the waves and billows go over them. We feel there is something omnipotent near us in our calamities; but, like the disciples, we discern not who and what it is. Little did they think it was he who had fed them in the wilderness—who had said, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of God." Instead of his being that *gracious* One, they took him for a being who had no care for them, no sympathy with them, no love to them. And so it is when we dimly discern a shadow of mere power in affliction. We see not the Divine One as he is. We misinterpret his voice. We think of him as stern and severe—as come to contend with us. We fail to recognise the fact, that he who deprives us of our possessions, is the same as he who gave them; that he who crushes our enjoyments, is the same as he who made them grow; that he who takes away our friends, is the same as he who bestowed them; that he who smites us with sickness, is the same as he who fills us with health; that he who sharpens the thorn, is he who planted the rose; that he who maketh the day dark with night, is he who made the seven stars and Orion, and who turneth the shadow of death into the morning. We fail to recognise the fact, that when he administers sorrow, he does it as a wise physician administers medicine to cure or prevent a greater evil; that when he smites us, he does it as a wise-hearted father, "not for his pleasure, but for our profit, that we may be partakers of his holiness." We therefore fear him when we ought to love him; tremble at his approach, when we ought to welcome it; and count him an enemy, when he comes as a friend.

It is no mere accommodation of the narrative, but the unfolding of a grand truth it was designed to teach, to regard the words of Christ as addressed to all his people amidst the "storms of this troublesome life." Doubtless, he intended to teach the church in all ages that it is he, his very self, who is present with his disciples in their trials; who walks on the waves of every calamity, and is ready with the consolations of his Spirit for the strengthening and relief of their hearts. It is that very Christ whom God sent into the world to take upon him our nature, and who did not despise the virgin's womb—who was anointed by the Father with the fulness of the Spirit to preach glad tidings, to heal the broken-hearted, and to comfort the mourner—who gathered into his fold these poor fishermen, and encouraged and strengthened them as a specimen of what he would do for his people to the end of time—who went about doing good, giving health to the sick, light to the blind, strength to the feeble, and life to the dead—who died on the cross to atone for transgressions, to make an end of sin, and to bring in everlasting righteousness—who overcame the sharpness of death, opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers, rose from the dead the first-fruits of them that slept, and entered heaven as the forerunner of his redeemed people. It is that very Christ who is Lord of providence—who sends us all our afflictions—who unbinds our comforts and scatters them as withered flowers in the dust—who breaks up and destroys our earthly treasures

—who breathes on us the breath of disease, takes away our strength, and lays us low—who comes to our homes in the form of death, and lays his hand on us or our little ones. The death of a Christian is a visit paid by Christ to our dwelling. He comes with a veil over his countenance—comes as he did to the disciples in the ship—comes so as that we do not recognise him, save as by the voice of his Spirit we are taught to know him. He does not send, but he comes. Especially is he present at that hour. It is he unbars the great gates of glory, and carries the pilgrim home. And amidst mental conflicts, spiritual doubts, and dark temptations, he comes a present help to reveal himself by his gospel and his Spirit, to hush the agitations of the soul, and to say to the winds and waves of sorrow, Peace, be still! Those who have lived by faith on Christ know his love and his wisdom. The wise act strangely sometimes in the judgment of the foolish. Children often wonder what their parents mean; and so Jesus Christ does things in reference to his followers, which at the time are incomprehensible to us. But faith in his love and wisdom puts all to rights, hushes disquietude, tranquillizes the bosom, and inspires the hope of a glorious result to grow out of mysterious providences. The devout soul who truly calls Christ Lord and Master may take courage whenever, wherever, and however, he meets him. In the last moment, he need fear no evil. The night may be dark and the wind high, and the waves boisterous, and death may loom in the distance, at first like some grim spirit of the tempest; but a voice saying, "Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid;" will identify death as Christ in disguise, and then soon a transfiguration shall follow; his glory shall change the night into day, and the happy soul shall find himself on the shores of immortality, in the sunlight of his presence, and in the image of his beauty.

STEEL PENS.

ALL the steel pens made in England, and a great many of those sold in France, Germany, and America, whatever names or devices they may bear, are manufactured in Birmingham. In this respect, as in many others of the same nature, the Birmingham manufacturers are very accommodating, and quite prepared to stamp on their productions the American eagle, the cap of liberty, the effigy of Pío Nono or of the Comte de Chambord, if they get the order, the cash, or a good credit. There are eighteen steel-pen manufacturers in the Birmingham Directory, and eight penholder makers. Two manufacturers employ about 1000 hands, and the other seventeen about as many more. We can most of us remember when a long hard steel pen, which required the nicest management to make it write, cost a shilling, and was used more as a curiosity than as a useful, comfortable instrument. About 1820 or 1821, the first gross of three-slit pens was sold wholesale at 7*l.* 4*s.* the gross of twelve dozen. A better article is now sold at 6*d.* a gross. The cheapest pens are now sold at 2*d.* a gross, the best at from 3*s.* 6*d.* to 5*s.*; and it has been calculated that Birmingham produces not less than a thousand million steel pens every year. America is the best foreign customer, in spite of a duty of 24 per cent.; France ranks next, for the French pens are bad and dear.

Advice to the Poor.

THE following excellent observations are from the pen of Lord Brougham, and written several years ago in furtherance of the learned Lord's labours for the advancement of the lower orders. They are applicable, however, to all times and seasons:—

"Learn to reflect often on the nature of your being; on the duties imposed on you by the laws of the Creator, which cannot be neglected or evaded without future suffering. The great mass of mankind are destined inevitably to live by labour; some undoubtedly are exempted from the necessity of working; they are few in comparison of the number who must submit to live by industry. But the wealth of the rich has arisen from labour. Capital, money, and property, are no more than the savings made from the produce of labour beyond the portion which was required for the preservation of the individuals who have worked to raise it. Upon these grounds, the rich are as fully entitled to their large possessions as the cottager to his cottage.

"There is no man enjoying a common portion of health and strength, but he may gain by work more than is necessary for him to consume for his preservation, and even for his comfort. He may always by forbearance lay by something. This is proved by men being able by their personal industry to support a wife and young children: the amount of whatever this young family consume might have been saved before his marriage, and might have been laid by for his future use.

"Marriage is the state to which the poor look forward. It is more necessary to them than the rich; the labourer wants a helpmate; his home is miserable without one. Begin therefore early to provide for it. Lay by a little money to buy a bed, and the most necessary articles of furniture in a house. Do not begin by getting into debt; if you do, you will probably never be free from it.

"If you have ready money, you may deal to great advantage with tradesmen; you can choose the best articles at a fair price. The tradesman who permits you to run in debt, permits it only because he calculates by so doing it will be advantageous to himself. He sells inferior articles at the same price as the best; and as he is aware he will have many bad debts owing to him, he charges those who do pay the more to compensate such losses. Many shopmen always deal upon these principles. Look at their books; many of the poor owe them thirty, forty, or fifty shillings; this debt is never cleared, and the poor man thus involved dares not buy anywhere else.

"Send your wife to market in preference to going yourself; women are less subject to the temptation of drinking than men; they are quick at detecting defects and small differences in goods; their minds readily seize on the point of view advantageous to themselves; they express themselves with readiness and ease; they discover and aim at the weak points of defence in a tradesman with a dexterity which it is in vain for a husband to attempt to imitate. A woman is worth on these occasions from two shillings to five shillings in the pound more than a man. A tradesman who would stand firm against a charge of cavalry will often yield to the management of a female customer.

"Sometimes there are found experienced, trusty, and clever females, who will market for several families. This is the cheapest mode. The expense of it is divided amongst many: often the wife cannot be well spared from the care of the house and children; and by thus employing another, her time and the wear of her clothes are saved."

The Servant's Column.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR DOMESTIC SERVICE.—If required to express in three words those most essential, we should say—*obedience, fidelity, goodwill*. Many other excellent qualities might be named, but these would probably be found to branch out into and comprehend all the rest.

The very nature of the compact between a master or mistress and a servant supposes **OBEEDIENCE**: it is a covenant in which, for a certain return of maintenance and wages, one person yields him or herself to perform certain services required by another. Obedience comprehends respectful submission to the authority of a master, constant attention to his orders, and a prompt performance of the services required. This obedience is to extend to all things lawful in themselves, and within the compass of the servant's ability, and the compact entered into between the master and servant. Should anything be required beyond this, a servant has a right respectfully to remonstrate, and if unjustly urged or compelled, is justified in quitting his or her place.

FIDELITY will lead to a conscientious and diligent discharge of all incumbent duties, whether under the immediate inspection of the master or mistress, or in their absence; and to strict integrity with respect to all property, whether expressly entrusted to their charge, or coming occasionally under their control. It will extend to the sacred preservation of a master's secrets, and habitual regard to all the interests of the family. It will effectually exclude all waste, negligence, pilloining, extravagance, artifice, concealment, and connivance at practices injurious to the person, character, family, or interests of the master.

GOODWILL should influence the manner of performing every service. It will secure a cheerful and ready compliance with the requests of employers—a sincere wish to please and give satisfaction—and a desire to gain such information, and effect such improvement as may secure that end. It will be discovered in a respectful deportment, and civil language to and of employers, their families and friends, and in a willing co-operation with fellow-servants; it will promote sympathy in the time of affliction, and a cheerful endurance of necessary fatigue, privation, and inconvenience. But the root of all real and abiding excellence of character consists in personal piety—a constant recognition of the authority and presence of the Lord. How valuable an acquisition to a family is an obedient, faithful, willing servant, who also "serves the Lord Christ."

BAD EFFECTS OF SLOTH.—Industry and care are essential to success in every condition of life. In domestic service, especially, nothing can tend more to facilitate business, gain the approbation of employers, and promote the interests of all parties. Every servant who wishes to be respected will avoid an indolent, slatternly way of doing her work, and every appearance of negligence and untidiness about her person. Lying long and late in bed impairs the health, generates diseases, and in the end destroys the lives of multitudes. It is an intemperance of the most pernicious kind, having nothing to recommend it; for to be asleep when we ought to be up, is to be dead for the time. "This tyrannical habit," says an excellent writer, "attacks life in its essential powers; makes the blood forget its way, and creep lazily along the veins; relaxes the fibres, unstrings the nerves, evaporates the animal spirits, dulls the fancy, and subdues and stupifies a man to such a degree, that he hath no appetite for anything; he loathes labour, yawns for want of thought, trembles at the sight of a spider, and, in the absence of that, at the creatures of his own gloomy imagination."

The Housewife's Column.

ORANGE MARMALADE.—To 9 lbs. of bitter oranges allow 10 lbs. of good lump sugar; grate off the rinds very slightly, and cover up the grated rind in a little boiling water; quarter and peel off the skins, putting them into a large pan of cold water; boil them pretty briskly, filling up with boiling water, as they require it, till tender enough for the head of a pin to pierce through the thickest part easily. If the oranges are very ripe, three hours may boil them; but sometimes they may require five hours. Separate all the pulp carefully from the seeds and inner skins. Have ready a brass pan, with the sugar and $1\frac{1}{2}$ pint of water; mix in the fine pulp as you finish it. Let all this stand in the pan till the boiling skins are sufficiently ready; then cool them a little by allowing the water to run through a drainer. If you wish the marmalade very clear and high-coloured, take out with a teaspoon the whole of the thready inside of the skins. Cut down the skins into thin chips, not too long. Put the pan with the pulp and sugar on a clear fire (not too strong); boil it five minutes, and throw in the cut slips; boil this twenty minutes, then mix in the rind which was grated off at first, and boil *all* ten minutes more. When it sinks and spans, it is sufficiently done. Some families prefer pounding the chips to keeping them in strips, which makes the syrup blend better, and increases the flavour.

APPLE CAKE.—Put some apples, cut into thin slices, in a soup plate; lay them in layers with some sifted sugar and a few thin slices of lemon peel between them, till the plate is full. Cover it with another soup plate, and put them into a slow oven. Let them stay till they are quite done. The next day put them in again to dry. Lay a piece of paste at the edges, between the two plates, so as to exclude the air and keep in the steam, which adds to the flavour and gives the apples a red colour.

POTTED BEEF.—Take cold boiled beef (the lean half of the round is the best adapted for the purpose), remove all the skinny parts, mince it fine, and pound it in a mortar with fresh butter till quite smooth, seasoning with nutmeg, black pepper, cayenne, a little mace, and salt if requisite. Press it very closely into small flat pots; clarify some fresh butter and pour over the top, and when cold, paper as jams and jelly, omitting the brandy.

BLACKBERRY JAM.—To every pound of the fruit add half a pound of coarse brown sugar, and boil the mass for three-quarters of an hour, or a little longer if the fruit was wet, stirring it well. Preserve it like any other jam, and it will be found most useful in families, particularly for children, regulating their bowels, and enabling you to dispense with the use of physic. It may be spread upon bread or made into puddings (rolly powlies), and even when the blackberries are purchased in London, it will not cost more than eightpence a pound. It may be called the poor man's preserve. To those who wish for it more daintily prepared, we would recommend an enamelled (or German) saucepan, and a silver gravy spoon to stir it with, as iron will spoil the colour. We would also recommend as an improvement that one-fifth part of the sugar should be fine loaf. Some persons, too, may prefer the flavour of lemon peel or juice, a small quantity of which will suffice.

CRISP COOKIES.—Five teacups of flour, two of sugar, one of butter, one egg, one teaspoonful of pearlash, four tablespoonful of milk; put three to the sugar and one to the pearlash, mix it, and make eighteen or twenty cookies. They must not be baked too much.

Domestic Economies.

TO MAKE BLACKING.—Three ounces of ivory black; two ounces of treacle; half an ounce of vitriol; half an ounce of sweet oil; quarter of a pint of vinegar, and three-quarters of a pint of water. Mix the oil, treacle, and ivory black gradually to a paste; then add the vitriol, and, by degrees, the vinegar and water. It will produce a beautiful polish.

TO POLISH MAHOGANY TABLES.—Grate very small a quarter of an ounce of white soap; put it into a new glazed earthen vessel with a pint of water; hold it over the fire till the soap is dissolved; then add the same quantity of white wax cut into small pieces, and three ounces of common wax. As soon as the whole is incorporated it is fit for use. When used, clean the table well, dip a bit of flannel in the varnish *when warm*, and rub it on the table; let it stand a quarter of an hour, then apply a hard brush in all directions, and finish with a bit of clean dry flannel. This will produce a gloss like a mirror; and, to those who dislike the smell of turpentine and oil, will be found very useful.

STINGS OF INSECTS.—The best application for mitigating the effect of stings is one composed of a drachm of powdered opium, rubbed down with an ounce of olive oil. Cover a bit of lint with this and lay it on the wound, repeating it occasionally. In severe cases it is desirable to keep the bowels open with the usual aperient medicines. Where the sting is slight, and the above cannot conveniently be prepared, wet the part of the body stung, and rub a piece of indigo upon it, which will instantly remove the pain.

FOR BURNS.—For a burn by vitriol or by any similar cause, apply the white of egg, mixed with powdered chalk, and lay it over the parts affected with a feather, and it will afford immediate relief. Care should be taken by frequent application to prevent its congealing. Plunge the scalded part into cold water as soon as possible. Poultries and oily applications are to be avoided.—Or, apply clarified honey; or, again, apply immediately jeweller's cotton or wadding, and continue to do so without removing any. The wounds will soon heal without leaving the least scar.

TO MAKE MARKING INK.—One ounce of salt of soda, one hundred grains of lunar caustic, two ounces of rain water, two drachms of gum arabic, and one ounce of rain water; to be mixed together in the order in which they here occur.

IRON MOULDS.—Spirit of salt, oxalic acid, salt of lemons, are the usual applications to extract these unsightly stains; and as they are all so much of the same nature, that, unless great caution be used in their applications, the article will drop into holes, it becomes every mistress of a family to consider whether such a risk should be left to a laundress, or whether *she* be not a more likely person to effect a perfect application than a person generally quite indifferent to her interests. The only caution requisite is, to rinse the article thoroughly after the application, till, on bringing the tongue in contact with the part, no acid taste remains.

LOTION FOR WEAK OR INFLAMED EYES.—Put half an ounce of white sugar candy, a quarter of an ounce of white copperas, and ninety drops of laudanum, in a wine bottle nearly filled with spring water; shake it well up several times, and set it aside till wanted. To be applied night and morning by dipping *linen* rag in a small quantity of the liquid, and letting the mixture enter the eye freely. Many cures have been effected by this simple and inexpensive remedy, the ingredients costing only 3½d.